

Newfoundland Orders 350

Extra "Crys" this Week.

WAR CRY



VOL. IX. NO. 445. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] WILLIAM BOOTH. [Comptroller for Canada and Newfoundland.] HERBERT H. BOOTH. [Comptroller for Canada and Newfoundland.] TORONTO, MAY 6, 1893. PRICE 5 CENTS.

THE DEAD PAST



This is the dwelling place of the dead—the corpses lie thickly around. Take a look at them. They are laid in line for the purpose of identification. There has been a great catastrophe. A fearful cyclone from hell has swept across the country. Thousands of active, go-ahead, zealous saints have been laid low. They carry them and lay them in this Charnel house, and there they await claiming from those to whom they belong. They bring them from all parts from North, South, East and West, from the front ranks of the battle where they fall suddenly, from the back seat of the barracks, where by degrees they drop out into oblivion. It is awful! Angels weep over night; devils laugh. The idle, and indolent, and curious look in and grieve as they ask each other whether after all there is a God. "See how they die," they say.

Let us take a hasty view over this place. Officer, soldier, friend, come with me. Mine is the responsibility of explaining about these dead spirits, yours the solemn duty of recognizing them if you know them—recognizing yourself if you find yourself among them.

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LONG LIVE THE GENERAL!

HIS 64th ANNIVERSARY.

145 Birthdays at Westminster Chapel, Including the General's

THREE MEMORABLE "PARTIES."

Once again—may the times be many!—it fails to our love to give the General on the return of another birthday. Born at Nottingham, England, on April 10, 1829, he is at the head of this great Army with a record behind him second to none! Many are the bleedings, losses and sacrifices of living for the Lord. Land and sea, men and women, are those who, whose breasts are bedewed with honest proceeds at the sacrifice of wife and home, child and all. These are the martyrs of present-day history; but we turn, with heart and soul with joy, to the life, concentrated at the General's side, of souls from sin and hell, through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, that has washed away the stains of the past century, impregnated with Dirig, the gospel of pardon, peace, purity and heaven, and the emanation of the entire multitude of the three-thousand of drink, vice, crime, idolatry, and superstition, and that still lads with the government, born of the General, the General is the creation of a people, whose "blood" affords the love and almost every part of the world. General William Booth, the first General of the Salvation Army! May his days be many, and his victories, and his influence, and his power, and his daring, redound only to the glory of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

Moors, Morning April 10th.

"Salvation" commenced "smoking" at eleven o'clock this morning, the venerable General of sixty-four was volleysed to his place on the temporary platform erected in the rear of the Westminster Chapel (for the third time kindly placed at the Army's service) is one of the most moving scenes in the history of the Metropolis, but was filled, notwithstanding, with the exception of the Foreign Field. Though no formal "happy return" was given, the General was received with bated breath from the large proportion of officers and soldiers present, and, indeed, too, the faces of friends and outsiders.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker on the platform, with Commissioners Underhill and Park, and others in view, was the object of a wealth of greeting from the Foreign Field; while Field Commissioners Era, Ashton, and others, and the General, with Colonel Lawley, were the chief figures typifying the British Field.

All the prayers, summed up in a sentence from the General's, run thus,

"Send Us Salvation!"

"As I looked forward to this moment," said the General, "I could not help but consider the circumstance with which my people have thought it wise to postpone it; a question or two naturally came to my mind which it seemed reasonable I should come up to you who have given me your word that you would not let me down. What are you doing with your life? What have you been doing with your life? What have you been doing with your life?"

Then the General, who is looking that God, much perplexed physically, entered upon a calm and patient explanation of a man's duty to himself, his God and his country.

First, to get it out from the union with the life of God; secondly, to have it purified by the life of God; thirdly, to consecrate it to God.

Without any break, here were, indeed, a much more feeling to decide about this moment! "I have much feeling to decide about this moment! Let us have, I was going to say, now."

Cold-Blooded Dealing with the Almighty!—a deliberate choosing of a clear heart. "Two unfeeling men, the Devil and the way, and the world, third, these young people, fourth, and so on. Very little fishing could be done; so that volunteers largely predominated."

"This is my 'birthday,'" the General exclaimed when more than twenty were kneeling on an aisle around the platform, which by this time was the altar; for, said tangible rods as pipes and tobacco; and

why? Because the power of God is wanting. There are very few of God's people who see His hand in government; in fact, precisely the reverse. The world, the Devil, the way, and the world, third, these young people, fourth, and so on. Very little fishing could be done; so that volunteers largely predominated."

"The rich, you will find but a mere handful making any profession whatever.

"They may say, 'I'm going to church to speak in the pews,'" or,

"I'm going to speak in the pews,'" or,

Salvation Songs.

His Grace is Sufficient.

BY "FICKER."

TUNE—*Hiding in Thee*. (B.J. No. 9.)

1 Soldiers of the Lord, wherever you may be,
The strength of Jehovah, to you it is free,
So never complain of the cross you must bear,
But should it gladly, the glory you'll share.

CHORUS.

Hiding in Thee.

Dark clouds oft appear, wild tempests sometimes rise,
But the conquering Saviour looks down from the skies;
My grace is sufficient, the battle is Mine,
Be valiant, courageous, for victory is thine.
Disciples and martyrs in days that are past
Great things for the Saviour endured till the last;
Then, soldiers, go forward and fight for your King,
And then in eternity together we'll sing.

Shed His Blood.

BY SERGT. L. RUMET.

TUNE—*Knewed by my Saviour*. (B.J. No. 33.)

2 I was a sinner wandering from God,
Down on the broad road of folly,
Cried not that Jesus had shed His blood
To wash me clean.
My soul was bound by the fates of sin,
I had no joy, no peace within,
Carelessly drifting far from my God,
Who shed His blood most precious.

CHORUS.

I am a soldier.

At last I sought the mercy seat,
There did I pray for pardon,
Asked God to save a work complete,
Then evermore I'd serve Him;
Now, praise His name, He's set me free
From all my sins and misery,
Now a true soldier I mean to be,
And fight for God till death.

Praise God, His will is my great delight
Since I have sought for cleansing.
Now I'm engaged in the glorious fight,
To win the power of Satan,
No in His love so mighty and free,
I will go on to victory.
Then, by-and-bye, His face I shall see,
When I get home to heaven.

Wondrous Love.

BY MRS. C. MCCLINTON.

TUNE—*Jesus' Warning*.
3 There for me, a wretched sinner,
Jesus' precious blood did flow,
So that I might feel His mercy,
All His love and kindness know.
So when death's dark day was dawning,
Through the great flood did shine;
When in the tomb of home in glory,
Jesus, heaven, truly mine.

When I think of all He suffered,
How my soul with blood is bought;
And I see the change within me,
Nothing but His blood has wrought.
I am filled with joy and gladness,
Jesus' name to me so sweet;
That I long to kneel before Him,
Thou to worship at His feet.

Experience.

BY WM. C. AMMERT.

TUNE—*in the morning*.
4 I was ago, in sin did roam,
I knew not God, and had no home,
I had no Pilot guide me through,
And show me what I ought to do.

CHORUS.

But Jesus came and saved me,
Cleansed me and forgave me,
Jesus came and saved me,
And I am His to do.

But in my mad and wild career
I had no Pilot to lead me in,
Which checked me in my sinful state
And helped me see my awful fate.

Then up before my gaze appeared
A sight which caused me to shed tears;
The blessed victim of the cross,
Who died that I might not be lost.

It was too great for me to bear—
The thought that I had failed him
there;

Then to His feet I wapt my way,

And now my soul is saved to-day.

EYES FRONT!

Commandant

*** AND ***

Mrs. Booth

— WILL MAKE A —

FLYING VISIT

— TO THE —

West Ontario and East Ontario PROVINCES

ON THE FOLLOWING DATES—

(Accompanied by BRIGADIER HOLLAND)

CHATHAM Saturday and Sunday May 6, 7.

WINDSOR (Commandant only) Monday May 8.

(Accompanied by BRIGADIER SCOTT)

BELLEVILLE Friday May 12.

KINGSTON Saturday, Sunday and Monday May 13, 14, 15.

COBOURG Tuesday May 16.

MONTREAL (Commandant and Colonel Mackenzie) Friday May 26.

OPENING OF "THE LIGHTHOUSE."

Salute!

Western Province.

THE COMMANDANT,

— ACCOMPANIED BY —

Brigadier Margetts and Ensign Smeeton,

WILL INSPECT THE SALVATION FORCES

— OF THE —

North - West and

British Columbia.

WINNIPEG	Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday,	June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
RAPID CITY	Tuesday	June 6
NEPEWA	Wednesday	June 7
PORTE LA PRAIRIE	Thursday	June 8
CARRBERRY	Friday	June 9
BRANDON	Saturday and Sunday	June 10, 11
REGINA	Tuesday	June 12
CALGARY	Wednesday and Thursday	June 14, 15
VANCOUVER	Saturday, Sunday and Monday	June 17, 18, 19
NEW WESTMINSTER	Tuesday and Wednesday	June 20, 21
NANAIMO	Thursday and Friday	June 22, 23
VICTORIA	Saturday, Sunday and Monday	June 24, 25, 26

Give me Grace.

BY F. E. FREEMAN, PARKHILL.

TUNE—*Give me not*.

5 Give me grace, O loving Saviour,
I am weary, and sad;
Breathe into my soul a blessing,
Make my spirit glad.

CHORUS.

Jesus, Saviour, hear my earnest plea,
While confessing, I am trusting,
Give Thy grace to me.

Let me feel Thy great appeal,
How Thy glad "Well done;"
Chase away all gloomy shadows;
Be my light and sun.

Bending low before Thy footstool,
Fill my heart with love,
Well I know that peace eternal
Cometh from above.

Lengthen my spirit for communion
With the pure and best,
Then, the source of every blessing,
Give me life and rest.

Beat the Army Drum.

BY MRS. D. CORNELL, OMEZEE.

TUNE—*The gospel train*.

6 Now listen, friends, one moment,
A story I will tell you,
How brightly shone a soul
From going down to hell.
The billiard room was his delight,
And drinking beer, too,
In the tavern he would be all night
With others, not a few.

CHORUS.

Oh, beat the Army drum,
Beat the Army drum,
Oh, beat the Army drum,
And bring the sinners in.

While going in for her again,
He heard the Army drum,
And leaving all behind he came
To make of them some fun;
And oh, he wished the sun was soft,
He'd like to drink all day;
Then he made fun, and there he laughed,
As the Army they did stay.

He followed them into the hall,
He heard them speak and pray,
His heart got soft, he heard the call,
"Give God your heart to-day."
He walked out to the merry-sea,
And his sins were swept away;
The grace of God has now sweeted,
He is happy and free to-day.

Critic and Salvationist.

BY W. J. HAN'T HARBOR, N.F.

TUNE—*When the fight's hard*.

7 Critic—You say you're a soldier, and
I fighting for God's side.
Salvationist—Yes, sir, I'm a soldier, I'm
washed in the blood.
C—But where is your armor, the weapons
you bear?
S—We get them from heaven, they're
sharpened by prayer.

CHORUS.

When the fight's hard.

C—But who does oppose you, for whom do
you fight?
S—All hell is opposing, we fight for the
right.
C—But who is their leader, their "com-
mander-in-chief"?
S—His name is "Beelzebub," or "därl"

in brief.

C—Do you have many battles, and take
many men?
S—From the enemy's ranks? Yes, we're
fighting to win.
C—And those soldiers around here, were
they in sin's ranks?
S—Yes, but they're saved now, and joined
with the saints.

C—Saints, can be good?

S—True, outside of Jesus, not washed in
the blood.

C—It's true, sir.

S—No sin, I've no sin, I've deserved
so they say?

S—Then, sir, you're the servant of him

you obey.

C—And now there's your uniform, what
is that for?
S—Why, to show to the world I'm engaged
in this war.

C—But the devil don't like it, you seem
such a scoundrel.

S—Thank God then, I'll wear it, and fight
(till I die).